

The Son of a Hero

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Uzumaki Boruto reflects on recent events as he realizes how little he truly knew about those he cares about most and resolves to help his friend no matter what because he is the son of a hero. R&R.

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Disclaimer : I do not own Naruto or Boruto, Kishimoto-sensei does.

A/N: This one shot is dedicated to the finale of the *Naruto* manga which ended four years ago today where Boruto will reexamine recent events in his life as he realizes he did not know as much as he thought he did. Spoiler alert! This fanfiction takes place where the Boruto anime currently is. So without further ado, here goes. Enjoy!

I can still hear Momoshiki's laugh and see his smiling face every time I close my eyes to go to sleep at night but what really sticks with me was discovering how truly weak I am. While my dad and Uncle Sasuke fought bravely while at the same time protecting everyone, I only managed to make matters worse and got my dad captured by the enemy. I thought I knew everything when in reality I knew nothing and would have lost all that I cared about if my master had not shown me what it means to be a true shinobi.

When I was a little kid, all I wanted was to be like my dad who I viewed was the coolest person in the whole world. My favorite thing to do was to have him raise me up onto his shoulders and run around making me laugh so hard my ribs ached. Everything was perfect back then when it was just me, him, my mom, and my little sister Himawari. That is until my dad became the Seventh Hokage of our village. Nothing was the same after that.

Ever since my dad became the Hokage, he's spent most of his days sitting at his desk in the Hokage's office. I barely ever get to see him and when I did he would act all bossy causing me to get mad and lash out like a spoiled child who wanted his dad to only focus on him. It wasn't until after the Chunin Exams I realized how selfish and childish I had been. Not to mention how little I understood about my dad.

My dad wasn't some useless old man who didn't care about his wife and children. He was one of the greatest shinobi of all time who will do anything protect everyone in the village who he saw as family even if it meant giving his own life. His son, on the other hand, was a complete moron who only figured out the truth before it was almost too late.

I acted like an arrogant know-it-all when in reality I knew absolutely nothing about those closest to me and instead of asking them I assumed things about them to soothe my own ego. My dad had had a horrible, lonely childhood before the academy with no parents or friends to love and guide him except for Lord Third and Iruka-sensei. The whole village had shunned him for a reason he did not know until he met Lord Jiraiya who explained how Grandpa Fourth had sealed a demon fox inside of him when he was just a baby.

Dad then had to learn to coexist with a monster that was constantly waiting for the right opportunity to take over his body. He trained to harness the Nine Tails' power and battled powerful foes, overcoming his many weaknesses with his own strength all so he could realize his dream of becoming the Hokage and having everyone acknowledge him.

My dad stayed true to his word and saved everyone including Uncle Sasuke who said he had fallen off the path of light and been swallowed up by darkness but my dad had been able to snap him out of it. He may have lost an arm but he risked his life to get his friend, his brother, back. If he hadn't one of my teammates would never have been born.

It's nice to be able to sit down with my dad and hear him talk about his youth. He can be a bit of a goofball but it's interesting watching his expressions change as he recounts both good times and bad (though I could do with less mushy stories about him and mom). The more quality time I spend with him, the more it becomes apparent how much I would have missed out on if we hadn't saved him from Momoshiki. Hell, if it hadn't been for my dad's help, I would never have been able to beat the crazy bastard.

My dad wasn't the only one I hadn't really understand for I've recently been forced to realize how little I know about someone whose friendship I took for granted. While I admit he has always been a bit strange and aloof, I always believed Mitsuki was my friend who would stand by me no matter what. I shared so much with him I never stopped to inquire about his life and what he cared about because he called me his sun and that was enough for me.

It wasn't until Mitsuki left the village with some strange men and I found the snake with his hidden message that I became fully aware of how I did not know him at all. We had been on the same team but I had no idea he had been living in a barren apartment by himself or that he was the son of Orochimaru, the man who killed Lord Third when he tried to destroy the village.

That is why I was determined to find Mitsuki and ask him the questions I should have asked a long time ago. The one thing I was sure of was Mitsuki is not a traitor and there is a reason he left without saying anything to anyone. I am not alone in my assurance for Dad still stands by his decision to let Mitsuki become a Konoha shinobi. I also have Sarada who chose to join me on my quest to bring the other part of our Team 7 back.

I even managed to convince Shikadai and his team who had been sent to bring us back to the village to come along because I pointed out there were elements of the story we still did not understand and made no sense. Thanks to their help, Sarada and I were able to reach Ryuchi cave where we talked to the White Snake Sage who trained Orochimaru and fought with this insanely powerful snake Garaga who I got to make a contract with me.

Everything was going great until I finally reunited with Mitsuki who I thought would greet us, his friends, with a smile and come home with us but once again I was proven wrong as he attacked me with his snake lightning and continued on with the two weirdoes while I passed out.

I have never been so annoyed with my lack of strength or naivety. I have been striving to prove myself as a real shinobi not a little kid who knew and could do nothing. My friend is undergoing something beyond my comprehension and I am unable to help him. Honestly I am pretty sure he attacked me to protect me or that's what I want the reason to be.

There has to be a reason Mitsuki went with those guys. Maybe it has to do with being the child of Orochimaru who has multiple Mitsukis which he keeps in tubes in his laboratory. Does he feel like he's an artificial being? Has he been struggling with figuring out which parts of him are real and which are fabricated by his parent? Does he believe his feelings towards his friends, towards me are not real and is now searching for the truth, for his will?

When I think back on when we were all together, I remember Mitsuki often stood apart from the rest of us as if he didn't belong but he does belong. He is not an artificial being. He's Mitsuki of Konoha and I am going to help him just like my dad helped Uncle Sasuke.

I am never going to give up. I am going to overcome my weaknesses with my own strength and save my friend no matter how many powerful bad guys get in my way. I am the son of a hero, after all.

A/N: And there you have it! Happy anniversary, *Naruto* ! Until next time, read review and show the love!